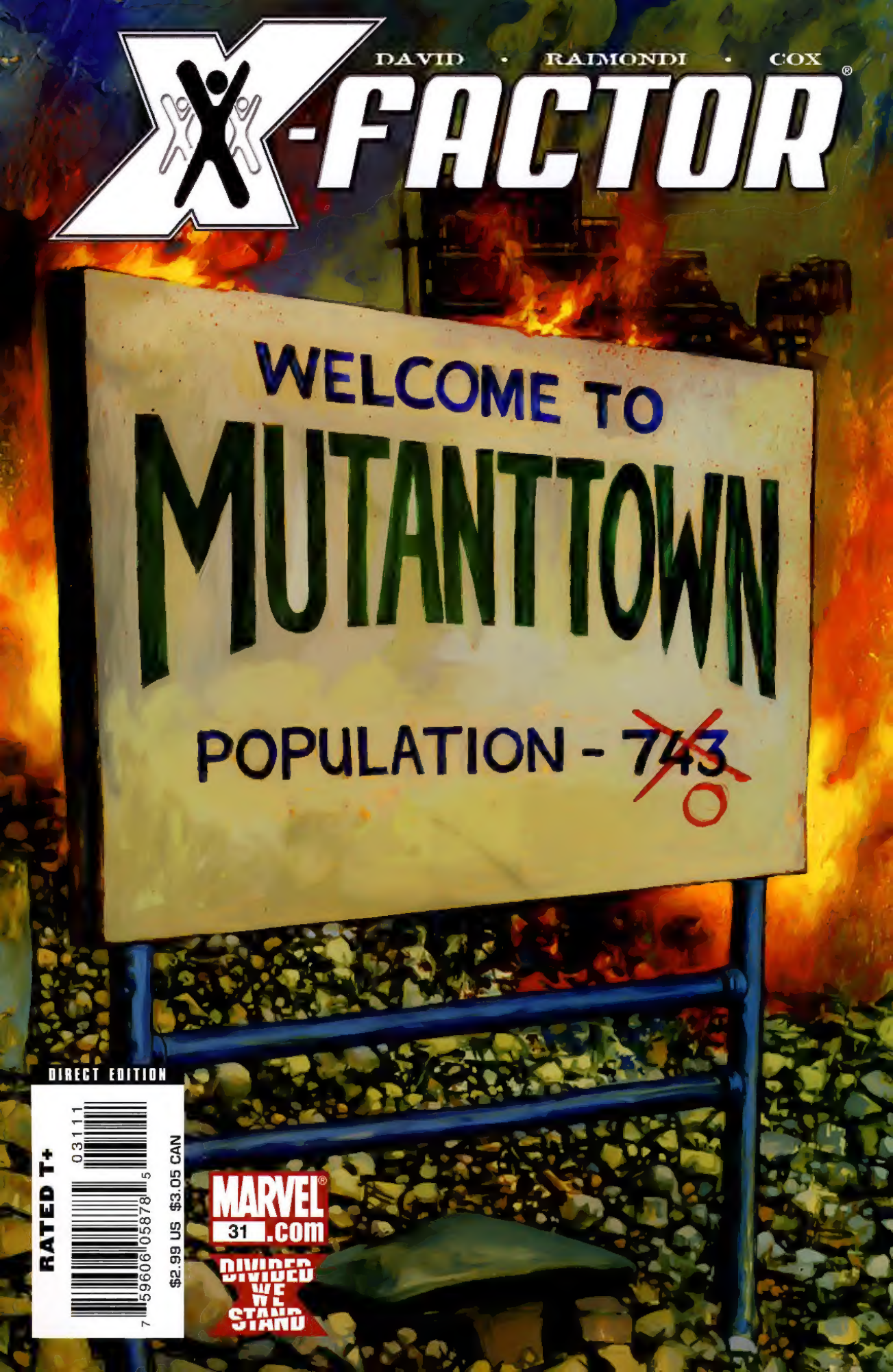
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DIVIDED WE STAND

In a society where mutants and former mutants alike feel threatened by the world around them, they turn to their first best line of defense whenever trouble arises: X-Factor, the private detective agency founded by Madrox, the Multiple Man.

X-FACTOR

PREVIOUSLY...

Having survived Arcade's death traps, X-Factor has broken into his hidden Mutant Town headquarters only to discover a disgraced Purifier named Taylor. Drummed out of the Purifiers because he was tricked into accepting the undercover Rictor into the fold, Taylor hired Arcade to exact revenge upon the team. With Plan A having failed, Plan B is now enacted, as Taylor's death will trigger a series of bombs throughout Mutant Town. And having poisoned himself just before X-Factor arrived, Taylor's death is looking pretty darned imminent.

X-FACTOR (ISSN #1932-5266) **No. 31, July, 2008.** Published Monthly by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. **PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** © 2008 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $3.05 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $3.99 per copy in the U.S. and $3.99 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in the USA.** Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. $27.00; Canada $37.00; Foreign $39.00. **POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO X-FACTOR, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 110 NEWBURGH, NY 12550. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 457-5029. subscriptions@marvelsubs.com.** ALAN FINE, CEO Marvel Toys & Publishing Divisions and CMO Marvel Entertainment, Inc.; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; MICHAEL PASCIULLO, VP Merchandising & Communications; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Director of Editorial Operations; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; OMAR OTIEKU, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Mitch Dane, Advertising Director, at mdane@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

YOU SEE IT, SHIRLEY? YOU SEE THIS?
NOT ENOUGH THAT WE'RE LIVING IN THE GHETTO, THAT I'VE GOTTEN USED TO.
BUT NOW...
...NOW THE WALLS ARE BACK.
AHHH, SHIRLEY. IT'S LIKE YOU ALWAYS SAID: THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH.
NOTHING NEW HAPPENS. YOU JUST WATCH THE SAME HISTORY OVER AND OVER.

WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE, DRAY? PLACE STILL GOING CRAZY?
LOOKS LIKE IT'S CALMED DOWN, MAN. WHOLE JUNGLE THING IS GONE. NO GIANT ROCKS AND CRAP.
WHAT ABOUT X-FACTOR?
NO SIGN.
X M
GOOD. THEY WERE NEVER ANY DAMNED GOOD, THE LOT OF 'EM.
SETTIN' THEMELVES UP IN OUR TOWN. ACTING LIKE THEY'RE OUR PROTECTORS.
WE DON'T NEED THEIR DAMNED PROTECTION.
DAMNED STRAIGHT, ROC. WE'RE THE X/M'S. WE CAN LOOK OUT FOR OURSELVES. MUTANT TOWN IS OUR TURF.
MIDDLE EAST SIDE, MAN.
WHAT?
WHY KEEP CALLING IT "MUTANT TOWN?" AIN'T NO MORE MUTANTS. SHOULD JUST CALL IT THE MIDDLE EAST SIDE LIKE OTHER PEOPLE--
UNFFFF!!!!
WE AIN'T OTHER PEOPLE, MAN! WE'RE THE X/M'S! THE EX-MUTANTS!
AND WE GOTTA REMEMBER THAT! THAT'S WHO WE ARE! WHAT WE ARE!
MUTANT TOWN IS OUR TURF, AND AIN'T NOBODY TAKING IT FROM US! NOBODY! NOT OUR TURF--
--AND NOT OUR NAMES!

PUNCH LINE
COMEDY CLUB
DOCTOR SAYS TO THIS GUY, "I'M SORRY TO SAY, I HAVE BAD NEWS AND WORSE NEWS.
"THE BAD NEWS IS: YOU HAVE CANCER.
"AND THE WORSE NEWS IS: YOU HAVE ALZHEIMER'S."
GUY SITS FOR A MINUTE AND THEN SAYS, "WELL, AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE CANCER."
IMPROV
IMPROV
SEE, THE GUY'S GOT ALZHEIMER'S, SO HE DOESN'T REMEMBER THAT--
YOU STINK.
IMPROV
IMPROV
OHHH YEAH, YOU'RE ON FIRE TONIGHT, PAULA.
YOU REALLY STINK.
C'MON, GUYS...HAVE A HEART.

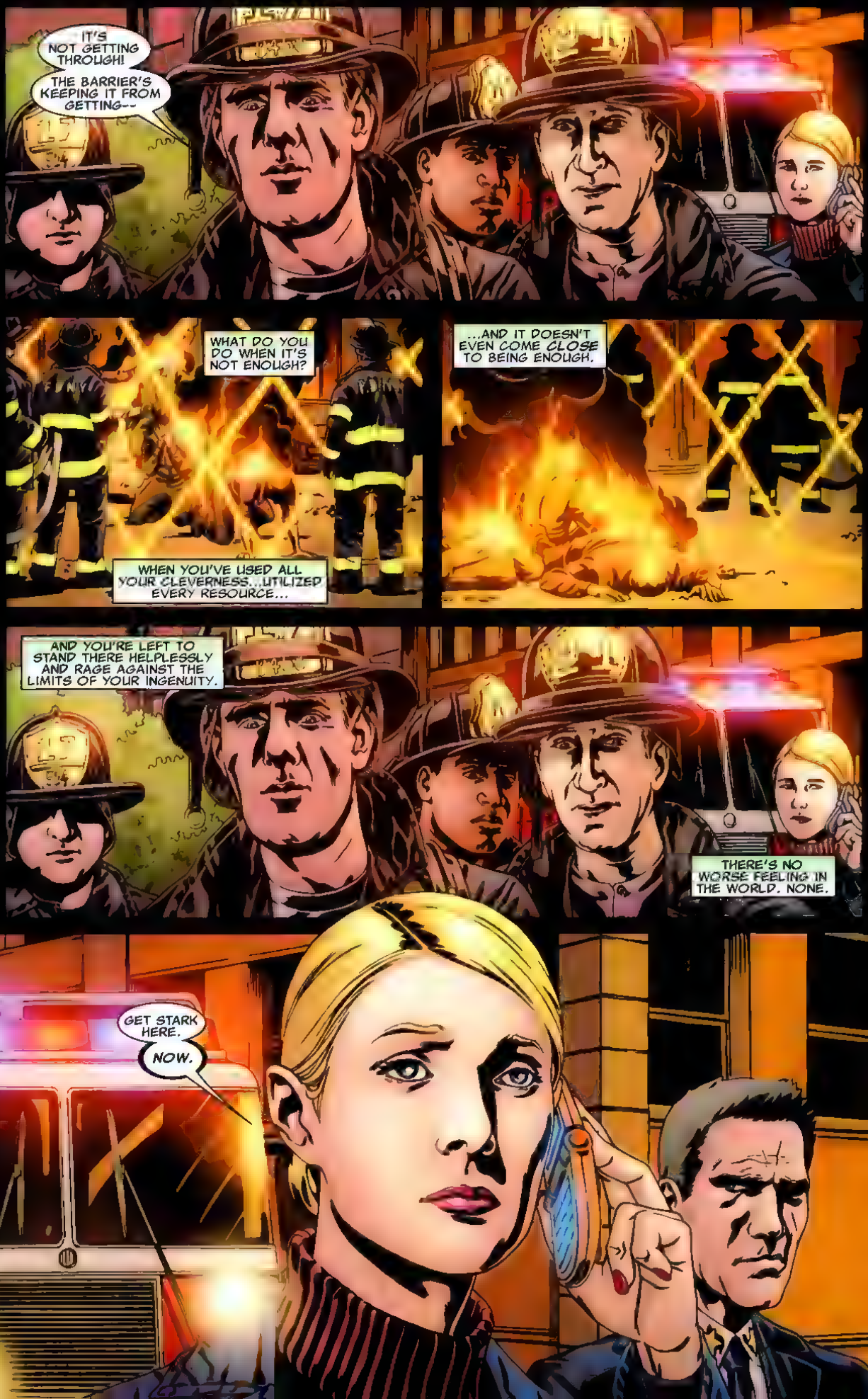
COME ON! COME ON!
MAYBE HE WAS LYING!
NOT ESPECIALLY, NO.
YOU WANT TO ROLL THOSE DICE?
RICTOR! HOW YOU COMING WITH THE CONTROL SYSTEM!?
TERRIFIC! GIMME ABOUT A DAY OR TWO AND I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT HOW THIS WHOLE THING WORKS!
I'M NO TECHNO-DUMMY, BUT C'MON! ARCADE'S IN A LEAGUE OF HIS OWN!
THEN LET'S ASK THE MAN HIMSELF.
NOW, NOW... LET'S REMEMBER THAT VIOLENCE HAS NEVER SOLVED ANYTHING.
PERHAPS, BUT RIGHT NOW I'D SETTLE FOR IT BEING AN *END* UNTO *ITSELF*.

SCAN HIS MIND, MONET! FIND WHAT WE NEED!
RIP IT APART, GRAY CELL FROM GRAY CELL, IF YOU HAVE TO!
I'VE BEEN TRYING. I'M NOT GETTING ANYTHING. I THINK HE'S GOT SOME SORT OF CYBERNETIC BLOCKING DEVICE IMPLANTED--
THEN WE DO IT THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY!
HOW DO WE SHUT THE SYSTEM DOWN, MAN!?
OKAY... I'LL SAY THIS SLOWLY TO BENEFIT THE LEARNING-IMPAIRED...
FAIL. SAFE.
WHICH WORD DID YOU NOT UNDERSTAND?
UNDERSTAND THIS, ZANGANO? HUH? DO YOU UNDERSTAND TH--
KLANG!
A ROBOT!
THAT'S WHY YOU COULDN'T GET A READ OFF HIM, ST. CROIX!

HE'S JUST ANOTHER STINKIN' ROBOT!
CHOOM! CHOOM! CHOOM!
MY GOD... DID YOU HEAR THAT?
EXPLOSIONS...
A SERIES OF--
I SCREAM AT HIM THEN, A STRING OF PROFANITIES THAT ARE BEYOND HIS ABILITY TO HEAR.
HE'S WON. WE'VE LOST. WE SPRINT OUT OF THERE, KNOWING THAT THE ONLY THING LEFT TO US...
...IS DAMAGE CONTROL.
WHEW. I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER LEAVE.
MEMO TO ME: GO BACK TO USING ROBOT DUPLICATES.
THAT WAS A LITTLE TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.
BEST TO HIGHTAIL IT OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY THINK TO COME BACK AND TRY TO LOWER THE FORCE BARRIER. I'M SURE THEY'LL HAVE PLENTY TO OCCUPY THEM IN THE MEANTIME, CONSIDERING--

THE MIDDLE EAST SIDE IS BURNING
PETER DAVID
WRITER
PABLO RAIMONDI
ARTIST
JEROMY COX
COLOR ARTIST
VC'S CORY PETIT
LETTERER
AUBREY SITTERSON
EDITOR
JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

MY GOD...
I DON'T CARE IF HE'S IN CLEVELAND ON BUSINESS! GET TONY STARK'S IRON ASS OVER HERE!
NEWSPAPERS
NO, THE PRESIDENT SHOULDN'T COME HERE! WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO, VETO IT?
WE DON'T NEED THREE MILLION YOUTUBE VIDEOS OF HIM STANDING HERE LOOKING AS HELPLESS AS THE REST OF US!
F.D.N.Y.
EEYYARHHHH!!!
GET THE HOSE ON THEM! NOW!
KEEP THE STREAM STEADY!
SON OF A--!


IT'S NOT GETTING THROUGH!
THE BARRIER'S KEEPING IT FROM GETTING--
WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN IT'S NOT ENOUGH?
WHEN YOU'VE USED ALL YOUR CLEVERNESS...UTILIZED EVERY RESOURCE...
...AND IT DOESN'T EVEN COME CLOSE TO BEING ENOUGH.
AND YOU'RE LEFT TO STAND THERE HELPLESSLY AND RAGE AGAINST THE LIMITS OF YOUR INGENUITY.
THERE'S NO WORSE FEELING IN THE WORLD. NONE.
GET STARK HERE.
NOW.

CLOSE THE DOOR! CLOSE THE FREAKING DOOR!
WE'RE TRAPPED, MAN!
WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?
IT...IT'LL BE FINE! WE JUST WAIT IT OUT HERE!
PSSSH!!
ARRRHHHH!!!
DRAY!!!
THE STEAM PIPES ARE BURSTING! THE FIRE'S RIGHT ON TOP OF US!
Y'THINK??!?

OY, SCALDING.
THE STAIRWELL IS ON FIRE.
NOT GOOD, NATHAN...
NOT GOOD.

HELP.. ME--
PLEASE.. HELP...HELP M--
YOU STINK.
THANK YOU! THANK YOU, SIR! I APPRECIATE THAT.
MY NAME'S PAULA, BY THE WAY. I'LL BE HERE ALL WEEK.
BE SURE TO :KOFF: TIP YOUR WAITRESSES...
BIG HAND FOR 'EM... AREN'T THEY GREAT...?

PURIFIER CREEP. I'D KILL YOU IF YOU WEREN'T ALREADY DEAD.
WONDER WHERE THE ROBOT WENT?
MUST'VE HAD SOME SORT OF BUILT-IN *SELF-DESTRUCT* THING OR SOMETHING.
MADROX SAID THE BEST WAY TO BE USEFUL WAS TO COME BACK HERE, TRY AND FIND A WAY TO BRING THAT BARRIER DOWN.
OTHERWISE WE'RE ALL TRAPPED LIKE FREAKING RATS.
SO C'MON, RICTOR...
MAKE THE EARTH MOVE.

HELLO! ANYONE IN HERE!?
NOPE... NOTHIN' TO SEE HERE.. MOVE ALONG...
HOLD ON!
TO WHAT?
STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE...
A PAIR OF JUMPER CABLES WALKS INTO A BAR...
BARTENDER SAYS, "OKAY, I'LL SERVE YOU, BUT DON'T START ANYTHING."
DAMN.
CAN YOU STAND?
NOT WITH MY LEGS.
ALL RIGHT. HANG ON. I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
YOU SOUND IRISH. LEPRECHALIN WALKS INTO A BAR.
OH LORD.
HE BUYS A BEER THAT COSTS THREE BUCKS AND ONLY PUTS DOWN TWO DOLLARS.
BARTENDER SAYS, "HEY, YOU'RE A LITTLE SHORT!"
DAMN.
TRUST ME, I'VE HEARD EVERY BAR JOKE THERE-- AW, HELL.

SHUT UP! YOU'RE A LOUSY COMEDIAN!
NO ONE'S DYING! HOLD ON!
YEAH, BUT AT LEAST I'LL DIE LAUGHING.
HEY...I BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN!
KRASH!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
:KOFF: :KOFF:
OH, THAT DOESN'T SOUND GOOD.
OOOOOOFF!
UNHHHHH!

YOU OKAY?
LITTLE *KOFF* SMOKE...IN MY LUNGS... DON'T WORRY...THEY'RE PRETTY STRONG...
HOW ARE YOUR *KOFF* YOUR LEGS...?
STILL CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING... I FELT SOMETHING BREAK, I...
JEEZ. CAN YOU DO STANDUP IN A WHEELCHAIR? MIGHT BE A HOOK.
GOOD GOD, YOU NEVER STOP.
BEFORE THE DECIMATION, I COULD MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH. ANYTHING I SAID STIMULATED THE PLEASURE CENTERS. NOW...
NOW I HAVE TO WORK TWICE AS HARD FOR HALF THE LAUGHS.
SO I JUST SHUT MY BRAIN DOWN... KEEP MAKING JOKES...
YOU KNOW WHAT--?
NOW MAY NOT BE THE BEST TIME.
HEY! IT'S RAINING!
NO, NO, IT'S NOT

SY! YOU OKAY?
I'M FINE! GO!
FWOOSH!
THE THING IS, WHEN YOU'RE FACED WITH A TOTAL SENSE OF HOPELESSNESS, YOU JUST HAVE TO FIGHT THROUGH IT.
COME UP WITH NEW ANGLES, NEW IDEAS...
DO ANYTHING YOU CAN.
SOMETIMES IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TAKING A LEAP OF FAITH--
--AND BEING THERE WHEN PEOPLE NEED YOU.

WE DON'T NEED YOU, Y'HEAR?
THE X/M'S DON'T NEED NOBODY!
THAT'S GREAT TO HEAR. REALLY. I'M IMPRESSED.
NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND AND LET THIS PLACE COLLAPSE ON TOP OF YOUR POINTY HEADS!

SHIRLEY... SHIRLEY, IT'S GOING TO BE :KOFF: OKAY...
I'M GOING TO :KOFF: BE WITH YOU SOON...
I'M NOT SHIRLEY...
...BUT WILL I DO?
WHO... WHO ARE YOU? YOU CAN FLY?
WELL, NO.
BUT I'VE GOT A KICKIN' SUPPORT SYSTEM.
COULD WE MOVE THIS ALONG? PLEASE?

DAMMIT!
STUPID PIECE OF USELESS...
NO, IT'S NOT USELESS. I AM.
USELESS, POWERLESS, USELESS--!
MAYBE IN THE END, WHAT MAKES HEROES INTO HEROES...
...IS THAT WE'RE JUST TOO STUPID TO QUIT.
AND AS A RESULT, EVEN IN THE FACE OF TOTAL DEFEAT...
...WE OCCASIONALLY LUCK INTO A WIN.

HE'S BUSY FIGHTING WHO? DOESN'T HE HAVE AN ENTIRE HELICARRIER FOR THAT TYPE OF THING?
MS. COOPER! LOOK!
EH...?
I'LL BE DAMNED.
NYC FIRE DEPT
CORRAR
ALL UNITS! GO! GO!
THE MIDDLE EAST SIDE IS BURNING! LET'S PUT IT OUT!
FORGET IT. WE DON'T NEED TONY STARK ANYMORE.
NOW I WORK ON FINDING MADROX...
AND TELL HIM HOW THINGS ARE GOING TO BE FROM NOW ON.

Who is "The Other Spider-Man"?
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
Brand New Day welcomes the art team of Mike McKone and Andy Lanning to Amazing Spider-Man #562 in a battle of the Wall-Crawler vs. the Web-Slinger.
JUNE 2008
MARVEL
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LOOK WHO'S TALKING!

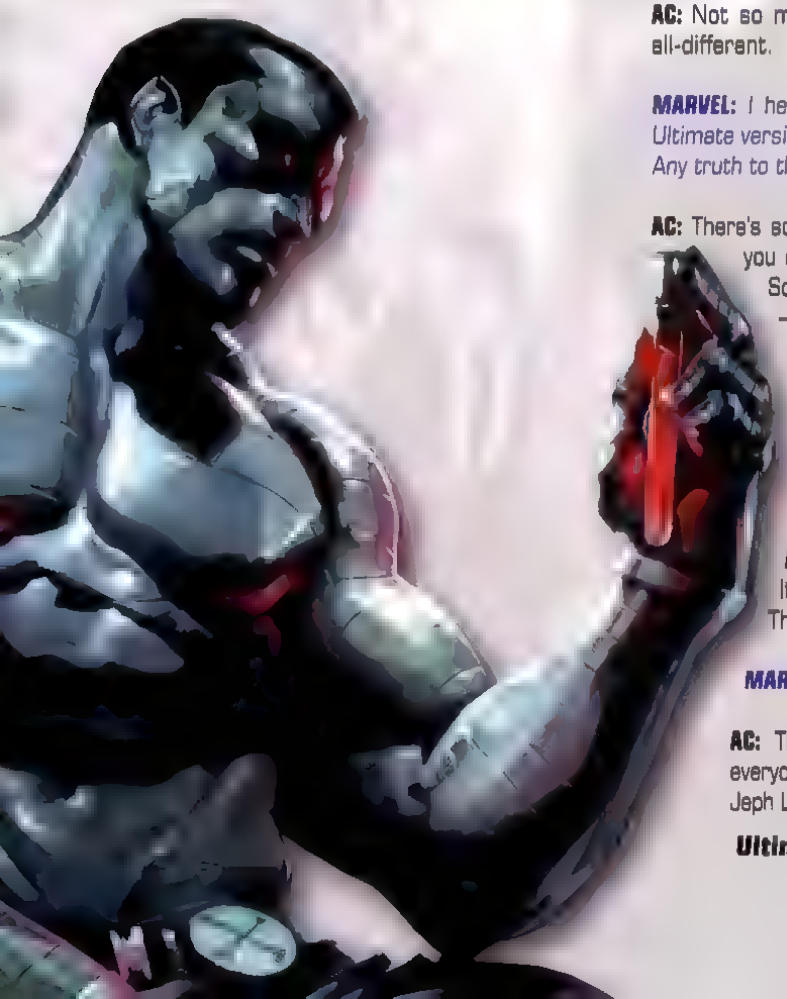
HEROES WRITER AND NEW ULTIMATE X-MEN SCRIBE, ARON COLEITE

MARVEL: *Welcome to the (Ultimate) X-Men, Aron Coleite! We hope you survive the experience! You work on* Heroes *and now* Ultimate X-Men. *It's safe to assume you are a fan of the super hero genre, yes? How long have you read comics?*

ARON COLEITE: For a very, very long time. Much to my wife's chagrin. There are stacks and stacks of comics in our garage and closets and in my office and on my night-stand and in my bathroom (there's a lot in the bathroom).

MARVEL: *What was the first Marvel comic you remember reading? What did you collect/read through the years?*

AC: My brother was a long-time subscriber to the Electric Company Spider-Man series. So technically, that was my initial exposure. But, my first real comics memory was at a Sci-Fi Convention in Los Angeles. I had twenty bucks and I spent it on *Peter Porker: The Incredible Spider-Ham* and *X-Men: God Loves/Man Kills*. I was so amazed that kind of storytelling was possible. So emotional. So beautiful. And *X-Men* was good too.



MARVEL: *Heroes has developed a very fast-paced technique of storytelling, interweaving multiple characters and sub-plots, as well as being heavy on mystery. Will you be utilizing any of the same styles used on the show for your arc on Ultimate X-Men?*

AC: I'm trying to pack 40 pages of story into 22 pages of art – filled with action, mystery and twists. But, it all comes down to character. Writing for the X-Men is my dream come true. I just want to write amazing stories for these characters.

MARVEL: *Your run starts with #94. Now, we all know that that issue number has a certain history in the X-Verse for shock and bold new directions (Editor's Note – the original issue 94 of Uncanny X-Men was the first issue post Giant Sized X-Men of the All-New, All-Different X-Men). Can we expect anything similar for issue 94 of Ultimate X-Men?*

AC: Not so much with the all-new. But a lot with the all-different.

MARVEL: *I hear rumblings that you are introducing the Ultimate version of a popular team with ties to the X-Men Any truth to these, eh?*

AC: There's some truth. Because I hate spoilers, I'll give you a hint. It rhymes with Shmalfa Flight. With Schmindicator. And Shaurora. And Shaman – that last one didn't work so well.

MARVEL: *Even though you are working in the Ultimate Universe, you have no doubt heard of Secret Invasion and the Skrulls taking over the Marvel Universe. Who do you think is a Skrull and why?*

AC: Super-Skrull. I'm pretty sure he's a Skrull. It's in his name. And Xavin from Runaways. That guy totally looks like a Skrull.

MARVEL: *Final words for the readers out there?*

AC: This is really my dream come true. I hope everyone likes what I'm doing. And if you don't, blame Jeph Loeb.

Ultimate X-Men #94 On Sale May 2008

'Nuff Said!

A SPECIAL SNEAK PEEK OF

MOON KNIGHT

#20

FEATURING

WEREWOLF by NIGHT

MIKE BENSON • MIKE DEODATO

PREVIOUSLY IN

MOON KNIGHT

Marc Spector was a killer. And then he was a hero. Moon Knight. Dealing vengeance in the name of his lord Khonshu – God of Vengeance, God of the Moon. But that was before Spector lost himself. Crossed a line. Killed an evil man and subsequently descended into a pit of self-pity and drug abuse.

When Khonshu called on his avatar to continue his mission, Spector had no choice but to answer. Shaking off his injuries and addictions, Moon Knight re-entered the world, only to discover that it had transformed in his absence – that in the age of the Superhuman Registration Act and the Fifty State Initiative, the only good hero is one that plays by the book. Which Moon Knight most assuredly does not.

So Spector did the last thing that anyone expected him to: With a timely assist from Khonshu himself, Moon Knight got himself a registration card, and went back to business, leaving a trail of broken bodies in his wake, each bearing his unique signature: a crescent moon carved into their foreheads.

Now Moon Knight's actions have caught up with him. The registration act's champion, Tony Stark, has had enough. He's decided to shut down Moon Knight for good. Stripped of his registration privileges, Marc Spector is a wanted man. Moon Knight is a hunted man. There is nowhere to run.

Nowhere to hide.

And that's not his only problem. Something awful is happening out there in the back alleys that have become his new home. Blood-smeared walls raked by claws tell half the story. But to know the whole truth, Moon Knight will have to step into the arena and stare down a creature fueled by instinct and fury. To survive, he must become what he faces.

Enjoy this Preview of Moon Knight #20 and don't miss the double sized special issue featuring Moon Knight's first appearance from Werewolf by Night #32 and #33!

HOW DO YOU FIGHT SOMETHING THAT'S PURE INSTINCT?

CLICK

SOMETHING THAT HAS NO PATTERNS.

YOU IMPROVISE.

AND HOPE FOR THE BEST.

SO MUCH FOR THE BEST.

BOOM!

PICK UP *MOON KNIGHT* #20 TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!

JULY 2008

Megan

The Minutemen
Scans by Dizzy